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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1898. NUMBER 2

THE MIRACLES.

I sent a message to my dear—
A thousand leagues and more to her—
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to her.

Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame,
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell
My way across the waste of it;
I read the storm before it fell
And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night—
The towers I built had heard of me—
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
Had flashed my Love the word of me.

Earth gave her chosen men of strength
(They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length,
And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs—
Too slow their fleetest flew for me—
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent the lightnings forth to see
Where hour by hour she waited me—
Among ten million one was she,
And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet us at my goal—
Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!—
And little folks of little soul
Rose up to buy and sell again!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Chicago.

A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
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HON. W. H. MCACHRAN, Bloomfield.
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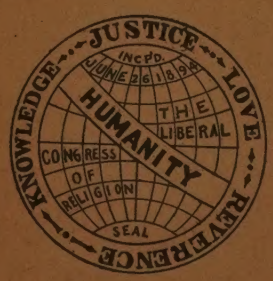
MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

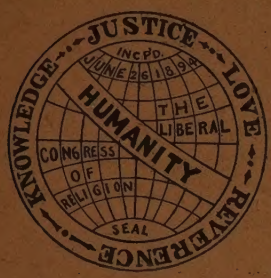
In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.*

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1898 NUMBER 2



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Philosophy—all my I,
Art—all my eye,
Religion—all my Ay."

—ZANGWILL.

Greatly to our regret, some six or seven greetings to THE NEW UNITY arrived after the paper had gone to press. We take this opportunity of thanking our tardy friends who may miss their names from the printed page.

A recent "life member" of the Indiana state prison after having served twenty years in the prison was pardoned, but after spending a few days at his old home returned to the "old home" within the grates, and asked to end his days under its more hospitable roof. Heaven and happiness are where we are known and trusted, are busy and useful, even though it be within prison walls.

We are glad to yield space in our columns this week to a paper by C. S. Garfield on "What I Like to Hear from the Pulpit." Mr. Garfield speaks for a large and continuously increasing number of laymen who demand that discussions on sectarian differences and the enforcing of theological dogmas be relegated to a back place, and that the pressing needs of humanity engage the minister's attention. The world moves rapidly in these latest years of the nineteenth century. There is no time to waste in hair-splitting differences. Rather let the minister strive to inspire his hearers with an enthusiasm for humanity, a thirst for usefulness, a hunger after righteousness, and the new heaven and the new earth will be with us unawares.

If you would keep the heart with all diligence, become an habitual, not in your indulgence, but in your self-denial. There is a holy side to routine; a saving grace in repetition.

The religion of character *beams* its evidence. Joy, patience, work are the three heavenly witnesses to the religion of the heart, without which the soul is wandering in godless ways, however prayerful, creedful and anxious the life may be.

A correspondent from the South makes the suggestion which may occur to many: "Why not suggest that the negro schools of the South collect the negro hymns before they are lost to the world? They possess both in poetry and in tone much that is characteristic, interpretative, and some things that are very beautiful."

Rev. Hugh C. Pentecost of New York says: "THE NEW UNITY seems to be much liked in our parish. I shall do all I can to have the trial subscribers continue." We hope that other friends and subscribers will try to do as much, that we may carry as many of our trial subscribers over into our permanent list as possible.

The craze for college athletics, taking the boys away from their work to play matched games of football for two months of the year, without college control, with innumerable casualties besides drunken orgies, is beginning to lose power. Dr. Eliot of Harvard dares to say, "It is very unlikely that a student who takes an active part in athletic sports can win good standing as a scholar. The evil of excessive training has not been cured. The baseball team of last spring was distinctively overworked, and half the crew gave out in the four-mile race. In all probability the nervous strain resulting from prolonged training, many exciting contests, and an anxious sense of responsibility, has not been sufficiently considered. The rules governing athletics were at first resisted to the utmost by the main body of the graduates, but they have gradually been adopted, at least on paper, by the leading eastern colleges and universities; and at present they commend themselves very generally to the well-informed friends of intercollegiate athletics."

There is one lesson concerning the Maine disaster too little commented upon. Here is the latest triumph of naval architecture, a floating fortress,

costing two and a half million dollars, going to the bottom in thirty minutes, carrying with it three hundred lives, by the puff of a torpedo as most people seem to think probable. A few years ago a similar fate visited the highest achievement of England's naval skill. The Victoria went down with most on board while just playing at war with its companion boat. Is it worth while to build any more ships of this kind? Exposed, indeed, are the boundaries of any nation that trusts such defenses. If there are no safeguards stronger than those of armies and navies, the days of the strongest powers on the globe are numbered. Give to science money enough and a little time, and it will devastate or depopulate the military fortress of the globe. With smokeless fender, dynamite, and the subtle forces of gas and electricity, the taking of life has ceased to be either dramatic or problematic. Let us have done with the whole business and save our money to build schoolhouses with. Dishonorable is the nation that guards its honor (!) by killing. A lost life cannot be avenged by taking another life.

New York is following in the line of those states that are displacing annual sessions of the Legislature with biennial. This does not mean that the American people have come to the conclusion that popular government is a failure, but that we have a superfluity of law-making. In fact, it is become a sort of mania with our citizens to create statutes. As a consequence there has been a vast growth of opinion, or sentiment rather, that all social ills can be corrected by law. We have been turning away from education to force. Perhaps we must not only decrease our law-making, but amend our education.

One of our best educators writes: "Is modern education developing the intellectual powers to the neglect of the altruistic principles?" It certainly is a fact that there is less practical belief in the Golden Rule in political measures than there was in the time of Jefferson and Madison. In his second inaugural, Jefferson said: "We shall always find that our interests will be found inseparable from our moral duties."

We have rarely seen of late a more truly important suggestion than that made editorially by the *School Journal* of New York. It says that "the ordinary system of grading and promotion in the schools of America is not a healthy stimulus to educational activity. Teachers are often led to feel that their success is measured by the number of pupils that they promote to a higher grade. The truly educative part of school is thus lost sight of. The pupils, on the other hand, regard a rush through the school course as the ideal of educational progress. Anything that will help them climb up higher on this artificial ladder is resorted to. The ingenuity expended in cribbing is regarded as justifiable. Will such pupils in later life strive to perfect themselves in whatever positions they may be placed, and so be qualified for higher work; or, will they prefer to climb to a more remunerative, more genteel, or more prominent place, even if it must be by hook or crook?" This is solid educational morality. It is a question that cannot be too promptly answered.

Duty.

One of the great verities of religion is represented by the word "Duty," and duty is that which is *due*. Ought is that which we *owe*. Obligation is that to which we are *bound*, *tied to*. Thus it is that the dictionary leads us at once to the burden and inspiration of life. Life is a claim. There is ever a gap between the actual and the ideal,—that we are and that we are intended for. However the voice within is interpreted it makes life a responsibility. Whatever Samuel's experience may have been, the result was that he awoke to a sense of obligation. He knew that he owed better service to Israel. It is not difficult for the student of sociology to discover the rise and growth of this sense of obligation. There has been and still is, in some localities, a pre-social man, one in whom the ties of parentage are feeble. He throws off parental restraints early, wanders selfishly in search of his own food, destroying all that he can that stands in his own way. Very slowly did man discover the value of his own body and the debt he owed the same. Gradually he rises into a realization of the ties that bind him to his mother, and, later, to his father. Long did he believe in a clan before he believed in a nation. Duty to kinsmen meant, for centuries, hatred to the foreigner, as the primitive meaning of "barbarian," "gentile" and "pagan" indicates. The Spartan civilization threw away its deformed children. Miss Cobbe tells of times and people where "redundant girl babies were exposed to drowning with less pity than the humane Englishman feels for the fly in his milk." "It is a long road," says Emerson, "from the mole to Plato, but the road has been traveled." "*Omnia ex-conchis*"—"everything from a clam shell"—is the legend which Darwin found upon the seal of his grandfather. Out of such crude beginnings has the sense we call "conscience" grown.

The lineage of Jesus does not start with King David. Trace it back far enough, and we will find it reaching the Hottentot stage, he who won his wife with the bludgeon, and the wedding ceremony was the carrying of her to his home by violence. Conscience is the slowly acquired, the solidified experience of humanity. The Samuel call that comes to men and women to-day is emphasized by the mistakes of our fore-elders, endorsed by the triumphs of all those who have gone before. So in a new and most emphatic sense it becomes the "voice of God;" it is the Eternal working out the highest life of the

race through the discipline of will. It is the voice of God revealing Himself in the graded text-books of the world, in the universal schools of human experience; through primer to first reader, from that on to the pure mathematics that compute the arithmetic of the stars. So Herbert Spencer joins with Theodore Parker in thus magnifying the "voice of God." "Conscience," he tells us, "is the slowly organized results of the experiences received by the race while living in the presence of eternal conditions."

The land we are called upon to till, in which we to-day may plant roses and strawberries, is the land pre-empted by our fore-elders while it was still filled with bogs and pestilential ponds. This "voice" comes to us now with an authority that the old voice, arbitrary and inevitable, never could carry. It speaks with the authority of law. To it is affixed the affidavit of human experience. We violate it at our peril.

Conscience is always a pioneer, asking us to do the things which have not yet become easy—automatic. It is never pleasant to pay our debts. The voice of God interpreted in the light of evolution is poor shelter for a lazy man. Duty is never easy except under the miraculous theory where something is done for us for which we give no return. But so much of heaven as has yet been gained by mortals here below has been won on the battlefields of life. Peace is the result of conflict. "The struggle for existence," the "survival of the fittest," are the golden texts of the gospel of evolution.

The message of the Almighty is a growing message, demanding continued study, observation, and, what is more important, a persistent obedience. "I did my duty as I understood it," or "I did according to my best impressions," is no longer necessarily a religious justification. Not until we can show that we did all we could to verify our best impressions, not until we did all that lay in our power to inform our understanding. The word of the Lord to His children to-day must needs be like our market reports—"corrected up to date." Consciences must be like the McCormick reaper and the Howe sewing-machine—"with all modern improvements."

Success.

"His life a failure!" So I hear you say;
And who can doubt who looks on earth's success,
Where gilded folly proudly wears the bay
And simpering millions haste some knave to bless?
Fanatic! Yes, according to your rule;
Foolish! No doubt, in average mankind's ken—
A teacher with one lesson for his school—
Impractical, with faith in Love—but then, he was the Christ.
—*Selected.*

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

"There is a Providence shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." The threatened war with Spain is doing more to warm the South to the North than a whole generation of common events would have done. This sectional bitterness was of slow growth and long standing. The North being victors in the Civil War, found it easier to regain fraternal sentiment toward the South. But the friction following the struggle of free and slave labor has needed something like the present outside pressure. Americans have needed to be waked up or shaken up to find out how closely identical their interests are. It will do us no harm to learn first to hate together, if afterwards we love together—and Spanish treachery, false honor, and bloodthirstiness is a splendid thing to hate. Providence has also brought us suddenly around to see the shallow excuse we had for hating England about the Venezuela affair. Through all that irritating period, England kept a good temper and showed her friendly spirit. It must be added that the bulk of the American people did not desert their natural sympathy for England. Then we had at London that prince of American ambassadors, Thomas F. Bayard. His manliness won the whole English nation, and his course was that of the most honorable diplomacy. Largely owing to his skill, but still more to the fact that blood is thicker than water, we came out of that imbroglio without a breach of friendship with our Anglo-Saxon brothers.

Some of the New York papers are asking the question, "Why is the United States so hated in Europe?" It is said that we have but one friend among all the nations of that continent, and that friend is England. But they are not honest enough to give the true reply to their own question. European nations hate us because we have gone on the selfish basis of building up American industries at the cost of those of other people. We have refused to recognize the fact that all commerce in these days of steam and electricity is one commerce. We are almost as closely identified in financial matters with Germany as with California. A tariff is no longer a national affair, but an international ordinance. We shall be compelled to readjust all legislation to an ethical basis. Commercial warfare is as criminal as warfare with armies and navies. America, however, is not alone in this lack of ethical principles in politics.

So close are the relations of civilized nations through steam and electricity, that it is absurd to suppose that the American people, or any other, can create commercial laws governing exports and imports in such a manner as to benefit themselves and injure others without being retaliated upon by other nations. This is the simple explanation of

the fact that American beef is under unpleasant restrictions in the markets of England, and American apples and other products are discriminated against or excluded from Germany. The day of commercial warfare is passing. We must legislate on a peace basis. *All* the world is not going to sit quietly down and allow us to establish what are practically international rules of commerce. As some one has said, "We rule out the products of foreign nations by means of a tariff; in return they establish scientific commissions, warranted to find microbes wherever the government desires they should be found."

Whatever may be the result of the blowing up of the Maine, one thing is pretty sure to come about. The attention of the American people will be drawn to the uselessness of putting afloat vast magazines of the most explosive materials, under the supposition that they are doing what is necessary to the protection of the country. The loss of the Maine has demonstrated how easily and how quickly one of these ships of the first class can be destroyed. It is far better for us to possess a fleet of torpedo boats, and then develop ourselves on a peace footing. Consul Williams, who was for a long time at Cuba, insisted that we could accomplish more for the Cubans, and with Spain, by a commercial treaty than by ships of war. He was right.

"Farm colonies," as urged by Mr. Booth in England, to take care of the helpless poor of the cities, is an idea gaining acceptance in all civilized countries. *The Baltimore American* says: "Let the State of Maryland buy what land she can, how she can, and at as reasonable a figure as she can. Let her colonize these lands with agricultural laborers, not from Europe, but right here from Baltimore. Give each family one hundred acres, more or less; build them a house, give them the necessary stock and agricultural implements to cultivate these hundred acres; the necessary seed for the first year, also medicine and medical attendance; build a school, and appoint a special agent as overseer. Then give them the proceeds of the second year; and let each family the third year begin to pay back to the State a stipulated amount as rent. At the end of ten years let the land become the property of the colony. By family this writer means a certain number of individuals, enough to till and care for the whole hundred acres. This idea must be worked out in some form; for our cities are now merely congested forms of humanity.

The bruised reed—the thing that aches for death,
He will not break, because its time is not;
And smoking flax—which shrinks from swift decay,
He will not quench, because its time is come.

Infinite mercy of eternal love
Waits, patient, an inexorable force;
Faithfulness great, beyond the mind of man
To know its measure, bears the bond of Law.

WILHELMINA L. ARMSTRONG.

The Ethical Word.

"There will be a new church founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawns, or psaltery, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the super-personal Heart,—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The Laws are his consolers, the good Laws themselves are alive; they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty, and an endless horizon. Honor and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great,—always feels himself in the presence of high causes."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Why is it that people read the Sermon on the Mount and never think of practicing it? How is it that they can call it the greatest compilation of ethical wisdom ever put together, and yet overlook certain parts of it as if those parts were not there? Is there a man living who is trying to obey all the precepts of this sermon? I should like to meet him. I wonder what he would be like. But it is a pity that people who think so much of this compilation of wisdom and exalt it so highly do not at least try to obey *some* of it. It is odd how persons can keep a chaplet of wisdom like this as something to look at or to feast their religious eyes upon, while having another code of practical wisdom for their daily lives. Reading Scripture or listening to sacred music or reciting prayers may offer a certain festival of spirituality. But having sweetmeats for the soul is a one-sided education; and there is plenty of this sort of education going on nowadays.

Why is it that people will be such advocates of reform measures which do not hit *them*, and be so philosophical over evils at their own doors? How shall we explain the fact that we can often know the weak spot in a man's armor by observing what reform measures he takes up and what ones he avoids!

Why is it that people pray for one thing in the ritual and want something else in their hearts? Why do not they pray for what they really *want?* Yet, if they did so, and prayed aloud, might it startle the Almighty, and much more, even startle themselves?

Why is it that some of the most worldly people are such worshippers of the unworldly Jesus? Why is it that the very people who would spurn Jesus if they had met him on earth are such followers of him now that he is removed a proper distance away? What a sad plight some of the kneeling worshippers of the Son of Man would be in if he were to come back to earth in His original guise, and they were obliged to show him social recognition! I wonder how he would feel, this Son of Man, sitting in a pew of one of the fine churches dedicated to his name. Perhaps it would be necessary, under those circumstances, for the ushers to ask him to go to the Mission Chapel, some distance away.

If a man is Christian one day of the week and pagan the other six days, which is he, pagan or Christian?

Why is it that people on their way to church Sunday mornings are so unusually severe at that time on the street-car men? If we do not practice religion in our everyday clothes, and show it even less when we have our best clothes on, what does it amount to? I saw a man coming out of a street-car Sunday morning a short time ago, carrying his Bible in his hand, on his way, I suppose, to lead his Bible class, but venting his anger as he came out of the door on the street-car conductor who had not heard his ring of the bell. The Bible and the man's face made a curious combination; it was an odd picture.

Why is it that we can love our country so much, be even willing to die for our country, and yet be so anxious that the other man should pay the taxes? Is it not about time that we had another ideal of service for our country than just dying for it? It may sometimes be a good deal easier to die for a cause than to live for it. It may be easier to make one big sacrifice than countless small ones. Many a man who would actually be willing to die on the altar of his country will not raise his hand to mitigate the evils in the institutions of his country.

How is it that human nature can be so tender-hearted on the one side, and so strangely, thoughtlessly cruel on the other? The same woman who would not hurt a fly, yet will wear an aigrette in her hat knowing that it was the "nuptial plumes" of a nesting bird, and knowing that in securing it the bird's life had been sacrificed just as the little ones were about to see the light. It is said that some of the wool worn on the garments of some of the kneeling worshippers in our churches has come from unborn lambs, taken that way in order that the wool might be soft and fleecy. Do the women know it? I hope not. The possibility makes one sick at heart.

Why is it that people can have such big feelings and never amount to anything? Does beautiful feeling count for naught? What pretty things tender-hearted people can say! How much they can lead you to expect of them! And yet how little may come! What a pity it is that people who will not do anything cannot at least *keep silence!*

A whole nation in wrath! What a solemn spectacle it makes! The anger of one individual is often contemptible. The anger of a nation, never! What makes the difference? The hatred of a personal enemy on the part of one man makes the man so small. How is it that the hatred of his nation's enemies gives him a certain dignity? Is it because a whole nation really cannot be stirred to wrath unless righteous impulses are behind it? Does it take justice to move a whole people, while envy or malice can embitter the heart of one man? But why is it that we cannot love and hate at the same time? If justice must be behind a nation's anger, why might there not be still a lurking sense of our common brotherhood? The enemies who may have wronged us have fathers and mothers. They, too, have been capable of heroic deeds; they, too, may have a noble past. Back somewhere, though just when we cannot say, we come to where the ties of blood, beginning with us and with them, meet at one point. Even in our anger, can we not have this thought in the background? National anger should never lose the sense of our common humanity. If it does, then it, too, loses its dignity.

Is it possible that too much emotional life can actually make us hardhearted? May it be that our feelings are overworked, that we are growing callous rather than tender?

Why is it that many intellectual men, those that know the most, have studied the most or read the most, are never willing to *do* anything? Why is it that the intellectual life so often puts the will to sleep?

Why is it that people will go to church where they do not belong? How is it that when you know that they are not in sympathy with what is said to them from the pulpit, they sit there with demure countenances in the pew? How will you account for the fact that people are in one church when they belong to another, in one political party when they belong to another, in one stratum of social life when they belong to another? Did they get there themselves, or were they pushed there? Do they stay there because they like it, or because they cannot get out it—or because they are not pushed out of it? What would happen if the lines were drawn as strictly for persons in a church as they are drawn for admission to conventional society?

What a load of inconsistency the human creature can carry, and yet not be conscious of it! What an odd mosaic the mind of the average man looks to be!

Why is it that some men are so acute in their reasoning when dealing with subjects in their own line of work, and yet wander about in such a dense fog when they begin to talk about religion? How is it that a lawyer can be so acute in sifting evidence, or in handling the details of a legal case, weighing every point with such exceeding nicety—and yet will talk about religious subjects as if he belonged to the prehistoric age, before the human species even began to think, much less to philosophize? Why is it that every one assumes himself capable of knowing something about religion and of talking rationally about it, when he knows nothing or can talk rationally about nothing else? How shall we explain the fact that the subject of all subjects that would seem the most high, the most abstruse, the most profound, should be the one where people feel the freest to enter and to give the most decisive opinions? Has it been altogether a gain, this democracy in religion, by which one man is supposed to know just about as much as another in regard to it?

Why is it that people who cannot read their own hearts are quite so sure that they can read the hearts of other people?

Why is it that it is so easy nowadays for people to put this and that and the other piece together from many systems of religion, and then, by giving it a new label, to pass it off for a new religion? These patent medicines for the soul—what frightful things they are! If the food we eat were mixed or put together in the same sort of a way that certain spiritual teachings are prepared and offered to the people, what a lot of us would die! It is something of a pity that certain persons could not be fed on the same sort of *physical* diet that they are offering to others in a spiritual sense as religion.

"Ethical Literature and what to read," do you ask? Well, for the more advanced thought in this line, read Wundt's "Ethics," recently translated into English. It is a great work.

Along with the above, as a companion to it, read Paulsen's "Introduction to Philosophy." Read them both at least twice through. Have them lying on your study-table for a year, until they are pencil marked on every page.

If you want to delve in the metaphysical side of ethics, go to Green's "Prolegomena." It is a masterpiece of its kind, and profoundly suggestive. But wait; come to this later on.

For the standpoint of a seer, read Emerson's address on "The Sovereignty of Ethics." Read it until you know it by heart. Then, as a companion-piece, read and study the attitude of a man of science, in the address on "Ethics," by Huxley.

Read as a classic, Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization." Then, as an offset to it, take "The Religions of Primitive Peoples," a recent work by Daniel G. Brinton. You cannot know much about ethical philosophy without having some insight into the beginnings of thought and civilization. But be slow about putting faith in *theories* on this subject. Accompany the above by reading Lecky's "History of European Morals." It may not be very profound or "Hegelian," but it is immensely instructive. You could omit the introduction, and begin at once with the history.

If you want to get more insight into the workings of the human soul, read the "Psychology" by William James—not the condensed edition, but the work in two volumes. You may not get systematic knowledge there, but you will get enough suggestions for your practical life to keep you a going for the rest of your days. You can get the systems elsewhere. Yet remember, the new psychology is still *new*. Be cautious about the *theories*.

If you want to read one book that will give you the best and richest wisdom of the classic world, read Plato's "Republic." But read it several times, or else let it alone. The first reading will count for naught; and the second will be about the same. But keep on! Have faith in your mine *if you go far enough in.*

If you care to get an ethical interpretation of the Bible, read "Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible," by Matthew Arnold. Then begin to read the Bible over again.

Would you know something of our kinship to the life below us? Read Darwin's "Origin of Species," and "Descent of Man." Only be sure to bear in mind that Darwin was a man of science rather than an ethical philosopher. It is biology, and not psychology, that you are to look for there.

Would you be made conscious of our kinship to the life above us? Read Amiel's "Journals." But in reading them have your own pocket compass always at hand. Read at the same time the address on "Cosmic Evolution," by William Kingdon Clifford.

If you want to learn something as to the beginnings of law and political institutions, read Bagehot's "Physics and Politics," and *think hard* while you read it. Then turn and read Mains's great work, "Ancient Law."

For an essayist, read Emerson. For a poet, read Wordsworth. For a novelist, read George Eliot. For a philosopher, read Plato. But woe betide you if you read Plato by halves! Better let him alone entirely. Go to Plato not for physical or social science, but for a spiritual interpretation of human experience.

In social science, be cautious about books written to prove a theory or to *agitate* a subject.

In ethics, be cautious about books that are full of negatives or full of abstractions.

In religion, be cautious about books by men whose minds are *set*. The mind that is unsympathetic cannot interpret religion.

In reading, do not form your opinions until you have read the standard works on a subject. It is right to be cautious about what is new.

W. L. S.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Inseparable.

The hardest is past, and, never again
Will our wild hearts beat with such piercing pain;
We know the worst, and we fear no more,
Fate has no crueler wrong in store.

The sweetest is past, and, what shall be said,
If we find that the nerve of joy is dead?
With the nerve of pain it was closely twined.
Can you loose the one, and the other bind?

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Church of the Spirit.

When the unity and practical universality of the Holy Roman Empire vanished before the disrupting forces of the fifth century, and which the successes of Charlemagne and Pope Leo III., in the ninth century, and the three Ottos with their seventeen different popes in the tenth, failed to retrieve, all the greater energy and necessity were given to the idea and hope and recourse of a visible universal fellowship of men and peoples in an all-comprehending church organization with one head, the Bishop of Rome. If there could be no longer for the world, or even for Europe, a universal political unity and empire, hand in hand with a like empire of the church, then there was all the greater necessity for the latter to consolidate its plans and powers, and embrace Europe and the world, if possible, in its vast ecclesiasticism. But, alas for the colossal ambition and conception of the princes of the church for organic universal empire! The Reformation, as the breaking asunder of the Eastern and Western powers of the empire and the church had long before demonstrated as certain to arise again—the Reformation dissolved the Romanist's dream of a world-embracing visible church.

True, the pretensions and presumptions of such organic unity as a possibility are still kept up by the Roman hierarchy, and with equal or greater presumptuousness by some of the more ritualistic and churchly branches of Protestantism. But the present and prospective signs of organic and dogmatic religious unity in Christendom, not to speak of the world at large, are fewer to-day than ever before. Yet, in spite of this condition of visible and invisible obstacles to outward unity in organic form, which the world is not likely ever to realize, the desire and need of religious union and oneness of all that will promote the good of human society abide and will abide. At the heart of the highest religions of the East, and especially in the spirit and ethics of brotherhood in primitive Christianity, and in the spirit and hope of the Hebrew prophets, there was the clear light of a felt necessity and hope (for man's peace and mutual prosperity) of a fraternal, spiritual unity of faith, hope and love. And at the center of the Romanist's holiest thought and longing, and also of the purest thought and prayer of every Protestant sect or school of doctrines, and of every synagogue, there has been and now is, I believe, this pure heaven-born vision of God and man joined in one embrace of love and life, with the fervent longing that this unity of life may become a daily fact of human relations.

If I am here correct, then we have this significant situation at the present time. At the very moment the growing mind and heart of mankind recoil as never before from dogmatic and ritualistic organic unity, they join as in one mighty shout of Amen to the still penetrating voice of Jesus: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." So, if signs of formal unity seem less, and the outlook herein more hopeless, there are signs more and more conspicuous of a spiritual and life-giving unity which promises a degree of joy and strength, and advance in social life that will change the face of the world. For it means "a communion of saints without its expression in a visible church," a church, one in dogma and administration,—a communion for which the modern world is surely ripening.

Now it is just this communion of spirits within and outside the churches of every name; just this new hope; new warmth of fellowship and larger mindedness; this new intensity of the emphasis of character and brotherhood; this seeing that there is but one religion, though finding expression in a thousand ways; this new vision, finally, of God and man and the universe—it is all this that gives to THE NEW UNITY, as it does to all kindred journals of the spirit and their writers, a basis of reality more substantial than adamant, and a field of promise and service to the thought, life and fraternity of men now for the first time in history opened.

May the leaves of THE NEW UNITY and all like agencies of light and love the world around multiply for the healing of the nations!

Fargo, N. D. RICHMOND FISK.

From My Standpoint.

The right to doubt is as sacred as the right to believe. Doubt is, in fact, an alternative form of belief, and is a condition in the development of knowledge. Candor is a virtue in the rejection quite as much as in the acceptance of time-honored statements. Open-mindedness is a necessity in the process of mental and moral growth. While clinging with tenacity to what is true, or what to him seems to be so, one must reject what stands in positive opposition to this. Without doubt, there can be no intelligent belief. Credulity is not a virtue. Our own standard of judgment should not be discredited. The irrational is untrue, or nature deals falsely with us.

Doubt in the honest mind begets inquiry. Inquiry promotes knowledge. Knowledge enlarges men and adds to the sum of life and happiness. In the light of to-day the belief of yesterday becomes untenable. From the standpoint of yesterday the apparent was the real. To persist in the old view from the new standpoint of an enlarged and corrected knowledge, this is the skepticism to be condemned, this is "infidelity." Truth cannot be manufactured and copyrighted. We cannot hope to possess all truth, much less can we circumscribe it and define its limits for all men in all time. Truth is not a product of the mind. It is not changed nor modified by the fact of our discovery, but readily yields itself to our help. As a rule, the conception

of it is too limited, not too much enlarged. Unless one be willing to surrender his individuality and to do violence to the rational quality of his being, he must make inquiry, enlarge his knowledge, and correct his beliefs. The truth cannot be classified and labeled like the specimens in a museum. These labeled specimens are dead. Outside of the museum the life processes are still facts. An exploded idea is not sacred, no matter how venerable. It may be stamped, "THIS IS TRUTH," but such statement imposes no obligation of belief.

Why should I be compelled to change standpoints, abandon my thought, and accept the dictation of another? My convictions have cost me many struggles, and will submit to modification only in a rational, orderly way as a result of enlightenment. The universe is large, and to the view of man is growing larger. Truth has many aspects. Each standpoint has its advantages and reveals something not visible from any other point of view. Human knowledge is relative, not absolute. Dogmatism is tyranny, in the realm of thought. The accomplishments of the past ought to be a help instead of a burden. Why should the crude thinking of the earlier ages be as a millstone about one's neck? Why should we insist on placing the new wine in the old bottles, or compel later knowledge to find the limitation of old formulas?

Gladly we accept what has been established, but when the day dawns it is not wisdom to evade the sunlight. A lofty point of view reveals lands and forests unsuspected from the plain below. Such outlook gives confidence in the largeness of the world, and inspires a belief that a higher point of observation and stronger vision would make still larger revelations. No argument from the man in the plain would compel assent to the narrower vision.

If the limits have been set upon our thinking in religious matters, it is unfair to tantalize us with an enlarging universe which compels mental readjustments. If it be wrong to change belief, it must be wrong to get the knowledge which makes such change inevitable, and the man who refuses to investigate is right. But no sane person believes that nature so contradicts herself. If an enlargement of knowledge compels a revision of creed; it must be because of the defect of the creed. Life consists of adjustments to new conditions and enlarged knowledge, and thus the world moves. The queries which arise in life bring home the sense of intellectual poverty and make apparent the necessity for exertion. To learn our limitations is a stage of progress. In answering or asking questions, in removing or creating doubt, or otherwise awakening dormant faculties, a service is rendered. The lightning brings a shock, but it disturbs to purify and restore. From fear of error it is possible to exclude the truth. By the process of analyzing, sifting, testing, is the mind furnished and developed. True knowledge results from painful, long-continued effort.

JOHN S. PAULL.

There are injuries often unconsciously inflicted most fatal of all, and death notices are often incorrectly stated. If tomb-stones could give true records here and there, we should read, "Died of being misunderstood."

FRANCES B. DUNNING.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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What I Like to Hear from the Pulpit.

A PAPER READ BY G. S. GARFIELD, IOWA UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT IDA GROVE, NOVEMBER, 1897.

It is with diffidence and reluctance that I respond to an invitation which, I fear, will place me in the light of an adviser of the pulpit, a rôle quite out of my line, and one to which, if popular rumor is correct, the lawyer is of all men least suited.

My hesitation might be all prevailing did I not trust that my friends of the clergy have a mantle of charity sufficiently large to cover the multitude of my sins, both of commission and omission.

Lest I be accused of illy conforming to the subject announced, let me say, at the outset, that I do not consider it at all important what I, personally, like to hear, but rather of supreme importance what the world ought to hear; and with that in mind, I attempt to write from the standpoint of what the pulpit should teach—of what I conceive to be the commanding mission of the church under present conditions—the purpose for which churches ought to command support and maintenance in the community. This, too, from the pulpit, if not in all cases best suited to my own individual enjoyment, I none the less like to hear, selfishness, I trust, not being so predominant as to wish my own gratification at the expense of the cause.

What to preach depends very much upon the object of the preacher. As I look back to my boyhood, it seems as if the sole object of the preachers I then heard was to impress upon their hearers the certainty and severity of a future eternity of torment for the unbelieving (whatever their conduct), and the necessity of immediate and constant vigilance to escape therefrom—and to picture, in glorious beauty and splendor, a place (heaven was always a place) with golden streets open only to the few elect who could, by accomplishing the impossible, attain thereto. To convince the members of the human family that they are, through no fault of their own, unavoidably born into a state of total depravity, from which condition escape is possible only by superhuman intervention.

Such themes as "The Fall of Adam," "The Atonement," "The Saving Blood of Christ," "The Necessity of a New Birth," "The Divine Inspiration and Literal Truth of the Scriptures," "The Insufficiency of 'Mere Morality,'" and the like were worn very threadbare and kept in that unfortunate condition by the continuous warning and admonition of the pulpit. I will not be so impertinent as to intimate, in a Unitarian body, the necessity of caution against these topics. But I have often, I regret to say, even in these later days and more liberal times, found it difficult to avoid the conclusion that the primary object of the preacher is to build up some particular religious institution or denomination; to convert the occupants of the pews to some particular doctrine, and to secure the adoption of some definite creed, either formulated or understood. To instill into the belief of the listeners certain theological dogmas; to expound the doctrinal tenets of

his individual church and explain the fallacies of other denominations.

All this is, to my mind, as totally unworthy the efforts of the pulpit as were the objects to which I have alluded as formerly seeming uppermost. I would have all this, everything savoring of theology as distinguished from religion, of the individual sectarian church as distinguished from the church universal, given an entirely secondary and unimportant place in the pulpit.

Parishioners, of course, have a right to know and ought to know what their minister believes, but he, none the less, ought to make it perfectly clear that he does not expect them all to believe exactly with him nor with each other, and that differences in belief are unimportant if only there is union in purpose, effort and zeal for the uplifting and upbuilding of true, pure, noble manhood and womanhood in the world, and that in this work there is to be no cessation or deviation until our highest ideals are reached. Possibly a rare special occasion may call for a strong theological discussion, but even then it may be doubted whether the game is worth the candle. For the most part throw theology to the dogs. What better is man or woman for believing or disbelieving the dogmas about which the numerous sects bicker and quarrel? Why contend about the forms in which we shall worship or the ceremonies which we shall observe? If you wish to commemorate the Lord's Supper with bread and wine, and I prefer to abstain from it, why should that prevent our joining hands to lift the veil from moral corruption and let in floods of pure sunlight upon the darkness that shelters the reign of evil? Why may we not walk together in stamping out sin and iniquity, and planting in their stead the seeds of human charity and brotherly love? Though you may believe in the efficacy of verbal prayer, and I that the only prayer productive of important results for good is a right desire of the heart accompanied by our best efforts to produce the right, why should this in the least restrict us from working jointly along lines that we have in common? Or, further, what matters it whether or not we believe that man is to be eternally punished for his sins in a future world, if we only realize that there is no possible escape from the consequences of evil doing now and here? For that matter, of what importance is it whether or not we believe in a future existence if we learn well the lesson that honesty and upright living in the sight of all men is the only life approvable to our own consciences and consistent with happiness and daily reward in this world, even though the grave should end all? Let us learn thoroughly the truth spoken by Emerson when he said: "Be assured the right performance of this hour's duties is the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow." Let us at once and forever abolish the idea that we should adhere to the lines of virtue and right only in the hope of a future reward, or in the fear of a future punishment.

Why should we be concerned to know whether there are three Gods or one, or indeed if there be none at all, wherefore should our code of morals be modified on that account? The essentials in religion are those cardinal ethical principles taught by all religions. Those great moral truths taught by Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, and Socrates, as well as later and, to us, more directly by our own Jesus of Nazareth. It has been truly said there is not a single ethical principle in the Sermon on the Mount that had not been seen and taught centuries before the time of Jesus, but that fact, so far from detracting in the least from the soundness of those principles, tends strongly to prove them fundamental truths of universal application. These are the permanent in religion. All else is but the transitory. If the world can be converted to the permanent and eternal, the temporary and transient may be safely ignored.

Let the effort of the pulpit be directed with strength, emphasis, and enthusiasm to the field of moral reform, the upbuilding of noble, ideal character, the development of the divine in the human. Here the vineyard is large and the need of the labor all commanding. Indeed, the labor is wholly inadequate to the demand, but let us not, therefore, shrink from the task. Rather let us awaken to the burning necessities of the present day and generation, turn our backs upon the traditions of the past, and give special address to that great mass of humanity that is now chiefly non-church going, for the reason that it has no interest in the theological and sectarian discussions that predominate in pulpit efforts. Regardless of form or ceremony, and without adherence to this or that creed or doctrine, strive to touch the tender chords of sympathy with which every human heart is strung more or less acutely; to awaken the dormant spirit of brotherly love that the world so direfully needs disseminated; to kindle the latent fires of enthusiasm for the cause of justice and honesty between man and man, the world over; to wipe the tears of grief, spread good cheer abroad in the land, and infuse the people with kindly words of encouragement for those struggling against the tide toward higher vantage ground in the battles of life; to arouse and inspire the indifferent with zeal for the suppression of intemperance, licentiousness and the manifold forms of moral depravity with which we are accursed. I wish the suppression of intemperance and the social evil were made more especially the work of the church. There are certainly no fields in which Christian labor is more needed, and none in which work is more truly Christian. Well does Hall Caine make his type of a Christian, John Storm, say, "To succor a weaker brother, or protect a fallen woman, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth."

Do not shoot over the heads of your hearers, either in thought or language. Plain, simple lessons, adapted to their daily needs, lessons easily within their grasp and comprehension, and of which they can readily see the practical application in their everyday lives, are the kind of which the masses are in need and the kind which are sure to interest them more than profound philosophy or scholastic lore replete with biblical history, and this is said without the slightest disrespect to the scholarly or any underestimate of the value of learning. In this respect I would commend to you the example of Dr. M. J. Savage. I have given some attention for fifteen years to the distribution of liberal literature, and in my experience the sermons of Savage have met with the most eager acceptance, and have accomplished the best result among the classes I have sought to reach, largely the non-attendants at religious services, and this class it is that is in most

need of your work. The question is not so much what do people go to church for, as why do they not go. Persons to whom I am able to give literature often ask specially for Savage. They say, "I like him. He is plain, and I can understand him. His lessons, too, I can constantly apply in my daily life and intercourse with the world." During a recent visit to the Pacific coast, I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman of middle age whom I had never seen, but to a member of whose family I have for several years sent publications of our liberal thought. He said to me, "Mary does n't get the first reading of those sermons by Savage. I always improve the first opportunityto read them myself. When I commenced reading them, I was as blue a Presbyterian as you ever knew. My father was a Presbyterian minister, and I was brought up true to the same faith, but in those sermons everything is made so clear and the thought is so practical that I have come to find them all-sufficient. If that is Unitarianism, I am now as good a Unitarian as any of you."

Be ever ready to encourage and commend worthy effort and nobility of purpose, to recognize and warmly approve integrity unswerving, and an example to be emulated. Do not wait for a funeral service to speak the praises of a meritorious life.

Have you read the "Choir Invisible?" What an effective sermon is that quiet talk in which the minister, James Moore, says to his warm friend and parishioner, John Gray:

> You remember the woman who broke the alabaster box for the feet of the Saviour, while He was living—that most beautiful of all the appreciations. And you know what we do? Let our fellow-beings carry their crosses to their Calvarys, and after each has suffered his agony and entered into his peace, we go out to him and break our alabaster boxes above his stiff, cold feet. I have always hoped that my religion might enable me to break my alabaster box for the living, who alone can need it, and who always do need it. Here is mine for your feet, John; of all the men I have ever known, you are the most sincere; of them all I would soonest pick upon you to do what is right; of them all you have the cleanest face, because you have the most innocent heart; of them all you have the highest notions of what a man may do and be in this life. I have drawn upon your strength ever since I knew you. You have a great deal. It is fortunate; you will need a great deal, for the world will always be a battlefield to you, but the victory will be worth the fighting, and my last words to you are, "Fight it out to the end; do n't compromise with evil; do n't lower your ideals or your aims."

Perhaps the least excusable of all the errors into which the preacher falls is his attempt to expose the fallacies of his neighbor ministers. Every attempt to build up your own church by tearing down some other is of all misdirected efforts the least pardonable. It matters not how far your neighbor may be from the truth, as you see it, nor does it signify that he spends his energy or some part of it, either great or small, in attacking your faith. If your positions are impregnable, there is no danger that they will be upset. If you have eternal truths for your people, impress their unassailable verity upon all who give you a hearing, and let none have reason to ask why you do n't preach your own religion rather than attempt to destroy that of another. Be assured it will ever be taken as a confessed weakness in yourself to dwell upon what you may denominate the errors of your co-laborers in neighboring fields. That preacher has mistaken his calling who cannot rely in entire confidence upon the soundness of his own convictions and have faith in his ability to maintain them without endeavoring to destroy the teachings of those who differ in what I have termed the unimportant and transitory in religious thought.

John Storm, a strong, though illy-balanced character, has the true conviction when he says, "God is calling on us in this age to seek a new social application of the gospel, or, shall I say, to go back to the old? To present Christ in practical life as the living Master and King and Example, and to apply Christianity to the life of our own time." The Spirit of the day will not be content with the dead issues of past ages. You must deal with life and not with fossils. You must lay hold upon man in his present environments without fear or evasion. Gird on the armor of the twentieth century and shun not its battles. Awaken us to the signs of moral leprosy, and inspire us to attack it with vigor and zeal for the cause of righteousness. Teach us to know ourselves withal—that we may not see simply the mote in the brother's eye, unmindful of the beam in our own. Lead us to control our own passions, to strengthen our own weaknesses, to withstand temptations, to shirk no duty and miss no opportunity to perform worthy service.

Point out the eternal fitness of those immutable laws by which the universe is governed and the marvelous beauties of Nature all about us. Impress upon us the dignity of labor and that nothing worthy will be accomplished without untiring industry. Teach us to discriminate between real service to mankind and mere well-wishing or pharasaical prayers. Kindle in our hearts pity for the downtrodden, unfortunate and oppressed—the pity that moves to cheer, help, comfort, and bless. Teach us hospitality and benevolence that we may improve the social atmosphere about us, and not only exchange with others the pleasures of our homes, but extend to those who have them not the comforts, and perchance luxuries, with which we are blessed. Teach us the duty of wealth to the community—that we hold our accumulations but as trustees, the wisdom of which trust is measured by the use we make of it. Teach us to forsake pessimism for optimism—dismal despair and gloom for the bright promise of hope. Plant the seeds of philanthropy where there is now a flourishing growth of selfishness.

Cultivate in us earnestness where you now find indifference—altruism where egoism is now painfully apparent. Give us moral courage to stand for the right, never wavering though the heavens fall. Help us to be humane and merciful. Teach us loyalty and faithfulness, nobility and magnanimity.

Finally, and above all, let us be genuine and sincere through and through. Let us have charity for all and honesty in word, deed, look, and thought.

Everything depends on our inmost nature. What we are at the core of our being sooner or later shows itself on the surface. The slightest impurity in our heart will creep into our actions. The least squint in our moral eye will betray itself in our dealings. But a sound conscience and an unelastic will and a heart sensitive to the faintest breath of wrong will make us faithful in that which is least, and keep us so in that which is much.—*Henry R. Rose.*

"Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is Genius."—*Buffon.*

The Sunday School.

A Comparison.

What gleams on the pink of the rose-bud's cheek?
A drop, that trembles and shimmers;
How dainty it is! How quiveringly meek!
Yet a sun in its little sphere glimmers.

What gleams on the bough of the tree of Life?
A soul, joy and sorrow revealing;
How feeble it feels! And with frailties how rife!
Yet a God it within is concealing!

So each is a mirror, the first as the last,
Of a light that the world is illuming;
And each among thorns must a season have past
Of its life amid flowers that are blooming.

And the drop, what is it? Just an atom of dew
Whose dissolving the wind pre-ordaineth;
But the spirit alone has a life ever new,—
An image that constant remaineth.

So radiant it sparkles, thy bliss should be deep,
A drop of the soul-life to quiver;
The winds may wake, or the winds may sleep,—
But thou hast a dwelling forever.

CLEMENT B. SHAW (*translated from Otterbom*).

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XII. EGYPT.—SOME OF ITS MYTHS.

Osiris and Isis were the god and goddess of heaven. It was given to Osiris to rule over the earth. He was god of light and represented all the forces of good. Under the wise rule of Osiris all men were good and happy. He taught them to plow and sow seed, and to have dominion over the soil. But Osiris had a wicked brother, Set, type of the evil forces abroad in the world. Plotting to overthrow Osiris, he caused a box to be made of beautiful inlaid work. This he brought forth at a banquet of the gods and said, "He whom it fits may have it." When one after another had tried it in vain, it came the turn of Osiris, to whose measure the evil Set had secretly caused the box to be fitted. As soon as he was inside, Set shut down the lid and fastened it and poured melted lead into the crevices. Then he cast the chest into the Nile and said, "That is the last of Osiris." But Isis sought for Osiris in the marshes along the river, where she at length gave birth to a son, Horus, who grew up to be a beautiful young man. The mother and son wandered together far down to the Mediterranean, and at last they found the precious chest lodged fast in the trunk of a great tree which had grown up around it to protect it. They carried it back to Egypt with much rejoicing. But Set tore it open and dragged out the body and scattered it to the four winds, and wherever the limbs fell great cities grew up, and wherever the ashes were scattered grew beautiful trees. After his death, Osiris became judge of the under world, and, with the help of Horus, weighed the hearts of the dead. He stands for all that is good and beautiful in Egyptian religion. Isis is the type of motherhood. She, with the infant Horus in her arms, occupies a large place in Egyptian art, and the group is the direct prototype of Mary and the infant Jesus.

One of the most familiar of Egyptian symbols is the sphinx. The great man-headed, lion-bodied stone creature which has sat for unnumbered centuries in the shadow of the great pyramid of Gizeh, is too well known to need description. Its date is unknown, but it is believed to be much older than the oldest of the pyramids. It was copied in miles of sphinx avenues in Karnak and elsewhere along the Nile. The sphinx was also common in Greece and Asia Minor, but the Grecian figure was usually crowned with a woman's head. The Greek and Egyptian myths were curiously interwoven by the old Greek writers. The word sphinx meant strangler, and fitted the Greek legend, but had no relation to the Egyptian conception, if later accounts are to be credited. According to the Greek myth the sphinx sat on a height and propounded a riddle to all who passed by. Whoever failed to solve the riddle she strangled. But at length one came and answered it, and she threw herself over the precipice and died. The great stone image was her memorial statue, and has come to express a sense of the all-pervading mystery of life. But the Egyptians called it Hor-em-Khoo, the Horus-on-the-Horizon. In its present mutilated condition it is difficult to form a conception of the original expression, but those who have studied it carefully and appreciatingly say it must have been a face of serene beauty and great power. In its relation to Horus, it represents the most beautiful side of the Egyptian religion, and is one of the profoundest mementoes of a forgotten religion and a buried race.

Mr. Gladstone, in some remarks on preaching which he indited a year or two ago, tells a good story of Lord Melbourne. The noble lord, who was Queen Victoria's first and favorite prime minister, was seen one day coming from a church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: "It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!" "But," said Mr. Gladstone, "that is the kind of preaching which I like best — the kind of preaching which men need most; but it is also the kind of preaching of which they get the least."—*The Universalist Leader.*

The Sinking of The Maine

Death came out of the black night's deep,
And steered for a battle-ship's side;
But never a man of the sailor clan
Looked on the Deathman's ride.

The Kansas lad and the Hampshire boy,
And the boy from Tennessee,
With never a fear that death was near,
Swung into eternity.

Nor flag, nor shot, nor battle-cry,
Nor strain of the nation's air,
Broke into the gloom of the sailor's doom,
Nor yet a priestly prayer.

There looks a face from far-away home,
With eye bent on the sea,
For the Hampshire Jack who'll not come back,
Or the lad from Tennessee.

Not theirs was the glory of battle;
No victory crowned the day,
But a nation weeps, that the dark sea keeps
Her dead beneath the bay.

—*The Republic, St. Louis.*

The Study Table.

Simplicity.

How limited to human ear—
  Music of wild bird seems;
Tho' like a lute its cadence clear,
  What can it tell of dreams?

Can it express to distant mate,
  More than a young child's call?
Can it poetic joy create—
  By instrument so small?

O, wonderful is nature's work,
  And all the life she gives so free;
Within her simple lines there lurk
  The powers of infinity!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Bible Story.*

The Old Testament part is done by W. H. Bennett, M. A., of Hackney and New College, London, the New Testament part by W. F. Admey, M. A., of New College, London. Both parts are well done, in so far as they present agreeable paraphrases of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures in simple language, suitable to the comprehension of young people and children. Unfortunately, the book cannot be commended to people of rational inclinations, because it frankly reproduces the irrational elements of the Bible, without note or comment. A judicious teacher or parent could, however, use the book to advantage by omitting or changing a little here and there. As usual, the paraphrase loses much of the beauty of the original. J. W. C.

Bases of Religious Belief.†

In the two parts of this book Professor Tyler discusses first, the historical, and secondly, the ideal bases of faith. The history of religion is traced through naturism, animism, and anthropomorphism, to monotheism, the last having been reached by the Hebrew prophets of the eighth century. The progress has not been "demarcated by a rigid temporal succession," since the later stages "are always implicit in the earlier." Religion, he maintains, has its genesis in human thought and emotion. This, however, does not disprove its divine origin; "it is rather to affirm that no revelation from God is possible save to a religious capacity, and that capacity is itself a revelation." This at once does away with the distinction between natural and revealed religion, the impact of the divinely established capacity with the "external world being adequate to all religious phenomena observed by the science of religion."

In the second part of the book, the author is most happy. Here he discusses the metaphysical, the ethical, and the æsthetical grounds of belief. His fundamental assumption is, that "the demands of human reason can find their explanation and satisfaction in the postulates of a Divine Personality, and in that alone"—Kant's challenge, "Can we know reality?" philosophy has answered in the affirmative. The reality of self is the point of departure. To know, one must be, and must be a unit. The unity of our personality is the key to the metaphysical position. The next step leads to the reality of nature. In nature resides cause, which, since we may know it, is like ourselves—we can think of matter only as a function of force, and force can be conceived only as spiritual. Our spontenity is disputed by another will, until, in Martineau's phrase, "life, in its changes, is little less than a colloquy between human and superhuman wills." This imminent will, which our author regards as the only explanation of the outer world, he finds to be intelligent and good. It is the latter quality which he, like many another, finds hardest to demonstrate. Evolution, and the heliocentric as contrasted with the anthropocentric conception of the universe, aid faith in this task.

It is with a sense of relief that one turns to the chapters on the ethical and the æsthetical grounds of faith,—the smoothly-gliding periods of the latter indicating that the author here finds himself in smoother waters, where, the hard and dangerous rapids passed, he may float and bask and sing. The outcome of the whole discussion, as embodied in the concluding chapters, is most acceptable. We are brought to a God who does not sit in "glacial isolation," now and then interfering with the established order "to save things from wreck," but one known to us as "intra-mundane wisdom and love, inspiring men to develop language, society, sacred literature and religion in force, rational, and spiritual life." In the apprehension of this imminent God the Jews have been easily in the lead; but while they have "enjoyed a more familiar presence of the Captain of the host—the rest of the army has not been without guidance," for the history of every people has been "a natural development, overwatched by God."

The most serious defect of the book is its style, which, in the author's effort to compress a vast subject into too small compass, becomes almost disconnected. Students enjoying the guidance of a competent teacher (and for such the work seems to have been prepared) would not find this criticism important. A proper sense of proportion seems also to be wanting in places, especially where so much space is devoted to "original sin," and in the long, numerous, and often fine quotations from other authors. The incorporation of these quotations into the text, in the author's own language, might have saved space, so as to have given a sense of freedom in composition much to be desired. The author would also have saved some unfortunate contrast between his own style and that of others,—notably Martineau. On the whole, the work is an excellent outline of the philosophy of religion, and may be found especially helpful to those who wish a summary view of that subject. Its free, yet reverent, treatment of sacred things, and its outcome in a sane, rational faith, must be of much service to those who have not yet made the transition from the old theology to the new. W. I. L.

*THE BIBLE STORY. Related for Young People. With Illustrations and Maps. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1898.

†BASES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, HISTORICAL AND IDEAL.—By Charles Mullen Tyler, A.M., D.D., Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion, etc., Cornell University, N. Y. Putnams, 1897. P. 273. $2.00.

I know that love never is wasted,
  Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
  Must live, as a joy in the air.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

God Himself, I think, is very willing to give one-and-twenty a second chance. —*Barrie.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—When heaven would save a man it circles him with compassion.
MON.—Deep roots fear no wind. Let the thought go deep, but let not the labor appear.
TUES.—Virtue, in its grandest aspect, is neither more nor less than following reason.
WED.—The great end of learning is nothing else but to seek for the lost mind.
THURS.—Take heed that thy promises be just, for it is not lawful to retract.
FRI.—It is not enough to know virtue, nor to love it; it is necessary to possess it.
SAT.—He that lives without envy and covetousness may aspire to everything.

—*Chinese Sayings.*

Grandfather.

How broad and deep was the fireplace old,
And the great hearth-stone how wide!
There was always room for the old man's chair
By the cosy chimney side,
And all the children that cared to crowd
At his knee in the evening-tide.

Room for all of the homeless ones
Who had nowhere else to go;
They might bask at ease in the grateful warmth
And sun in the cheerful glow,
For grandfather's heart was as wide and warm
As the old fireplace, I know.

And he always found at his well-spread board
Just room for another chair;
There was always rest for another head
On the pillow of his care;
There was always place for another name
In his trustful morning prayer.

Oh, crowded world with your jostling throngs!
How narrow you grow and small;
How cold, like a shadow across the heart,
Your selfishness seems to fall,
When I think of that fireplace warm and wide,
And the welcome awaiting all.

—*Albion Fellows Bacon, in Exchange.*

Cheerfulness in Schools.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an old proverb which is finding a new application in modern schools. The new method is most used in those excellent institutions for the very young, known as kindergartens. Here the mind of the child, instead of being oppressed with the dull routine of the primer, is trained in the early perception of form, size and color by means of what seem at first glance to be simply children's games. It is only play, to be sure, but it is play with a very serious purpose, and is teaching the child things that will be useful in after life, and at the same time fitting its mind more easily to receive the formal instructions which will come later.

"Faith in play as an important factor in education," says the *Kindergarten Review*, "is certainly on the increase. Signs of this cheerful doctrine appear in many places, and advocates of it are to be found in people who study educational questions from different, though not opposed, standpoints. The kindergartner is among these advocates as a matter of course. Whether she is in a kindergarten or has gone into the primary school, she stands for the utilization of the play instinct, and is usually a disseminator of the doctrine by her words and her deeds. Child study has brought to this way of thinking many who, having become convinced of the value of play by extensive investigations into its manifold effect upon child development, speak with authority and compel a hearing. The teacher of gymnastics who is scientific and progressive is a powerful ally, for she has in many places the run of the schools, so to speak, and calmly introduces bean-bags, running games, basket-ball, going to Jerusalem, etc., in the time allotted to her; and, if brought to bay by a conservative teacher or supervisor, can justify herself by learned descriptions of the beneficial movements induced by the lively frolic."

To the charge that instructive games take too much time, the advocate of this form of instruction replies that the increased mental vigor gained by this change of occupation more than makes up for the time occupied. Shakespeare's description of the schoolboy going "toward school with heavy looks" bids fair to be falsified in the near future, when more attention shall be given to the teaching of gentleness and humanity.

The Little Streets.

"To-morrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by-and-by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.

Oh, dear little people, remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of To-morrow,
Pretty Soon, and By-and-By,
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
As the King's Highway,
To the city of *Not At All.*

The Pussy-Cat's Letter.

"I have a cat," said a lady, "that knows when a letter comes to her."

"A letter!" exclaimed the hearer in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it, I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Pussy, No. — Marlboro Street, City.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night, and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning you will see that I am telling you facts."

I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang; and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said, "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter."

Sure enough, pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said:

"Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope. Just watch her do it."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with fragrant catnip.—*Every Other Sunday.*

Inaction kills belief, while action of any sort nourishes it. Phillips Brooks was fond of saying, "Do something with your religion, and your religion will not die." So with all our belief.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
  Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
  Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
  As give one upward lift and go his way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
  Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed,
  And buffeted, and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
  The power to see the way, and aim, and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
  Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
  The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is no much;
  We weigh, and measure, and define in vain;
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
  Can be the ministers of joy or pain.
A man may die of hunger walled in gold;
  A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
  Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

SPRING VALLEY, MINN.—The People's Church recently celebrated its first anniversary. The new society was organized February 14, 1897, with a membership of two hundred and fifty. Many new members have since joined, and the finances of the church are in a flourishing condition.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—The ladies of All Souls church have usually raised about one thousand dollars a year for the work of the church, and to this end have had suppers and fairs frequently. They are now congratulating themselves and their pastor, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, upon the successful issue of an appeal, made by the pastor to the members of the congregation, to give directly in money what they would contribute and spend at suppers and fairs. The amount needed has been pledged, and now the ladies' society and church are planning for social and educational meetings upon higher lines. It was said by every one but the pastor that it could not be done. Let other pastors take courage.

Mr. Sprague is giving a series of sermon-lectures on Evolution, illustrated in part with scientific views by means of the stereopticon. The speaker and topics attract a second congregation which taxes the capacity of the auditorium.

In addition to the funds raised for the work of the Woman's Society, the pew rentals have increased nearly $1,200 since September 1st, when Mr. Sprague began his work. This is a church in which all souls unite.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Mrs. Celia P. Woolley exchanges pulpit with Rev. S. J. Stewart, March 13th. Everything indicates prosperity at this point.

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—A correspondent says the Unity church, started by Mr. Falconer, is growing each Sunday, now filling one of the largest halls in the city to overflowing every service. The people come gladly to hear the religion of humanity explained by a man whom they respect, a brainy and honest thinker. The society is on a firm financial basis.

WICHITA, KAN.—W. T. Watson, recently of Strawberry, Mo., has taken up the ministry of the Unitarian church of this city. We send our greetings to pastor and people.

CHICAGO.—In the absence of Mr. Jones, the pulpit of All Souls church was filled Sunday morning by Miss Julia C. Lathrop. She dwelt especially on the claims of epileptics and dependent children. The people of Chicago are comforting themselves with the thought of the new Bridewell and its well equipped manual training school. But the youthful offenders whom the police pick off of our streets, for all kinds of offenses, ranging from throwing snowballs to picking pockets, can hardly be reformed and trained in the ways of usefulness in the short time allotted them—the sentences averaging about two days. To properly fulfill our obligations we must begin with the boy before he is fifteen. ***

In the evening Mr. Wm. Kent inaugurated a series of five Sunday evening ante-election addresses in the interest of Civic Righteousness and the Nobler Chicago. Mr. Apmadoc sang the "Sword of Bunker Hill," and Mr. Albert Philpot gave a most educative and timely address on the "Labor Wards." * * * In the Independent Liberal church—Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, minister—there will be two lectures on Sunday evenings: March 10th, Jane Addams; subject, Tolstoi. March 17th, Victor S. Yarrows; subject, Individualism. Tickets for the two lectures, 50c. Single admission, 35c.

*** In the announcements for March of the Sunday lectures of the Ethical Society, Mr. Mangasarian's old friends will be glad to note the following:

Sunday lectures, Steinway Hall, 17 Van Buren street, 11:15 A. M.: 6th, Mr. Mangasarian, "The Vocation of Man." 13th, Mr. Mangasarian, "A New Sermon from Shakespeare." 20th, Mr. Mangasarian, "The Creed and the Deed." 27th, Mr. Salter, "*Quo Vadis* and *The Christian*; or, Christianity in the First Century and in the Nineteenth."

"The Colorado Special," only one night out to Denver, via the Chicago & North-Western, leaves Chicago daily at 10:00 a. m., arriving Denver 1:30 the next afternoon. Palace Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars leave Chicago daily. City Ticket Office, 212 Clark St.

NEW YORK CITY.—Unity Congregation, led by Hugh O. Pentacost, was legally incorporated, December 28, 1897, and is showing signs of vigorous growth. It has a Sunday congregation of about 125, and a "Don't Worry Circle," with a weekly attendance of from 50 to 75. Rev. George N. Badger, of Rutherford, N. J., recently read a paper before the society on "Don't Worry." The Metropolitan Independent Church, Henry Frank, minister, holds weekly service at the Bukeley Lyceum, West Forty-fourth street. Mr. Frank speaks to increasing congregations, and his sermons are frequently reported. The bond of union is based on righteousness, fraternity and good will, and invites all who desire to seriously co-operate in the attainment of higher character and the bettering of social conditions.

Both the above churches are in full accord with the spirit of the Liberal Congress, and hope to become active helpers in the work.

Books Received.

MODERN FRANCE.—The Story of the Nations Series. By André Lebon. G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. T. Fisher Nuwin.

EMERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS.—By John Jay Chapman. Charles Scribner's. New York. $1.25.

ZELMA, THE MYSTIC; OR, WHITE MAGIC VERSUS BLACK MAGIC.—By Alwyn M. Thurber. With illustrations by W. L. Wells and L. Braunhold. Author's Publishing Co., Chicago.

DE RERUM NATURA.—By Paul Carus, Translated by Charles Alva Lane-Chicago. Open Court Publishing Company. (phh.)

The Song of the Lineman.

Lord of the shriveled Earth,
Slave of its babbling Kings,
Belted and spurred as a Knight,
Close to the Heart of Things,
The Lineman tramps through the ways of the world;
And this is the song he sings:

"O, what have you done with our Father Time
That he writhes in the hedgerow shade?
Where is the rush of his morning prime?
Where are the tools of his trade?

"He has cause to writhe; we have stolen his scythe,
Both snath and the shearing blade,
And his glass then ran to measure our span;
And what do you think we've made?

"Now, what have you made of the shearing blade,
That he writhes in his senile wrath?
And what have you done with the glass you've won?
And what have you done with the snath?

"O, the shearing blade we have spun to thread!
We have wired and webbed the land,
Till our Lines have spread from the Quoddy Head
To the roll of the Rio Grande;
And the Keys may prate with the Golden Gate,
As men that are hand in hand.

"With adze and ax we have wrought the snath
To be our minister;
We have tamped the poles in a million holes,
We have guyed them not to stir;
And they bide the press of the blizzard's stress
And the gash of the Lineman's spur.

"And to cage the wonders that pulse and pass
Along our magic twine,
We have melted and molded the old man's glass
(I' faith, we have cast it fine!)
We have melted and molded the old man's glass
To insulate the Line!"

Lord of the dwindled Earth,
Drudge of its chattering Kings,
Belted and spurred as a Knight,
Near to the Soul of Things,
The Lineman tramps through the ways of the world;
And this is the song he sings.

—*John Mowatt.*

Publisher's Notes.

The man who manages the business end of such an organ as THE NEW UNITY finds many things to interest him besides business. It is one of the consolations, encouragements of the business management of THE NEW UNITY, the reassurances that reach him that the work is appreciated. These notes make the publisher feel so good sometimes, that he wants to share them with others. Perhaps he may from time to time pass some of them on, like the following:

From a lawyer in Wichita: "Enclosed find postal order for two dollars for my subscription and another to ——, in Pa. I know he will be delighted to read it. I consider THE NEW UNITY a very valuable paper, one of the finest papers I have the privilege of reading."

From the pastor of a Washington church: "Enclosed find two dollars for my own subscription. Send your premium copy to ——, Minn. I always speak a good word for THE NEW UNITY, and appreciate the fundamental character of the work it is doing."

From a lady in Iowa: "Enclosed find two dollars for my NEW UNITY. Please send the extra copy to ——, Col. Since I was a girl I have looked to THE NEW UNITY for strength and inspiration as I would to a strong and noble friend. It has never been so strong as it is now. It is the paper I read first, the paper I welcome most."

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Liberty and Life is a volume of discourses in a direct familiar style, and full of the new philosophy of the higher life. **Our Heredity** has been used by a large number of church classes and reading circles, invariably giving satisfaction—among others, in the churches of Edward Everett Hale and of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, our Ex-Editor.

Mr. Powell has a third book in press at the Putnam's, New York, to be out in September or October. It is a history of the six different attempts at Nullification or Secession in the United States during the XIX century. Its object is to help create a national, in place of a sectional, spirit. We shall have it for sale as soon as out of press.

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The Seamless Robe.
The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction." Thees discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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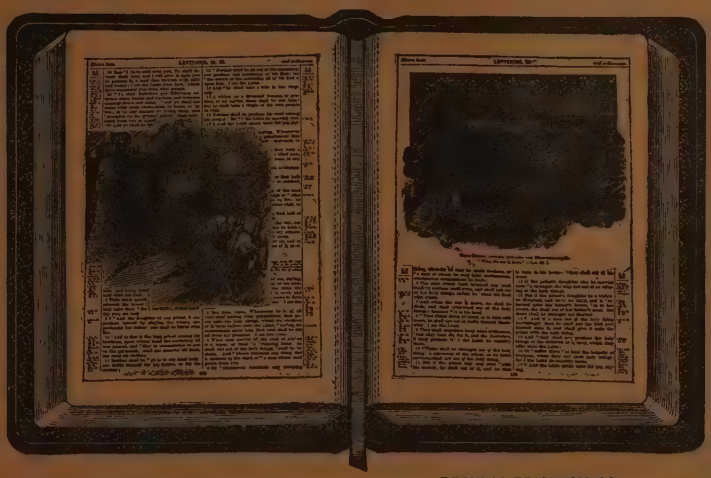

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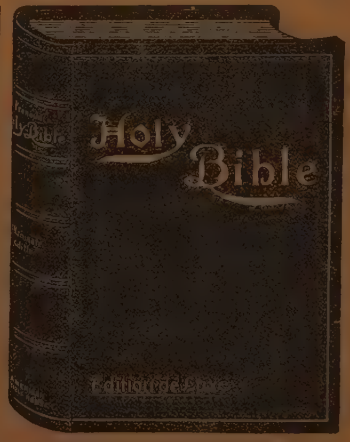

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

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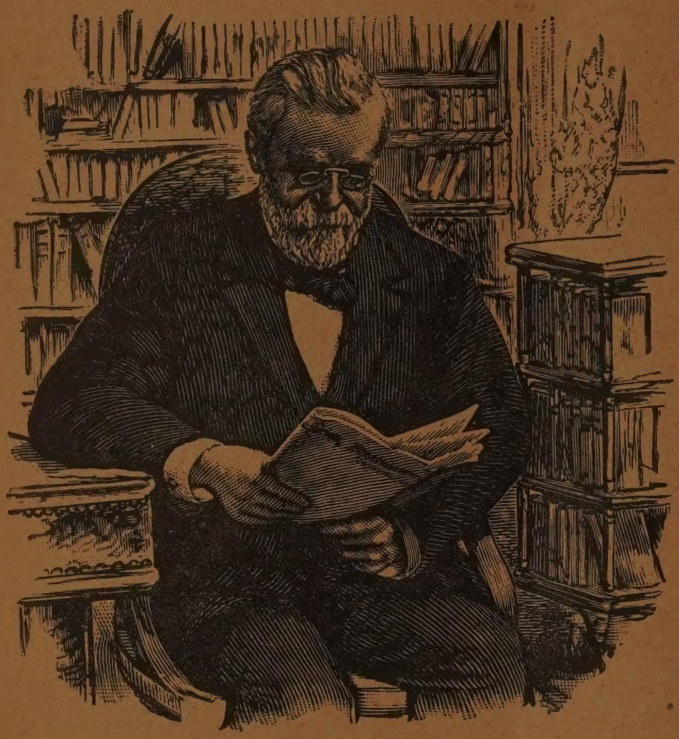

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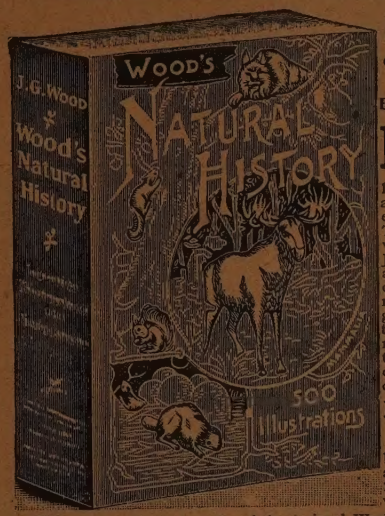

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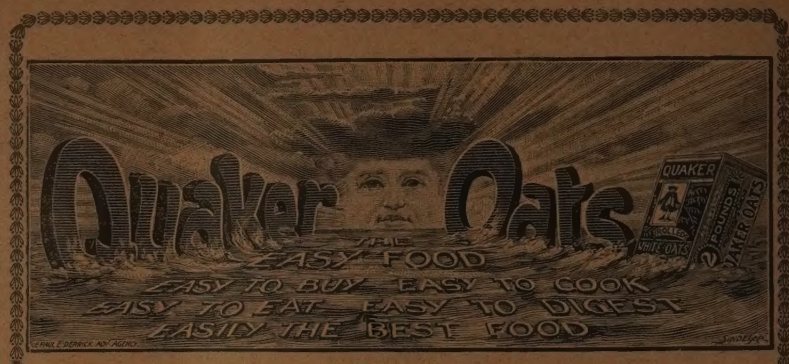

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